

## **Motion of the Ocean** by **Luddleston**

**Category:** Our Flag Means Death (TV)

**Genre:** Banter, Cuddling & Snuggling, Established Relationship, Flirting, M/M, a lot of talking about sex but no actual sex, discussions of past relationships, in a nebulous post-series time when everything is happy, mentioned past Ed/Jack

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Blackbeard | Edward Teach, Stede Bonnet

**Relationships:** Blackbeard | Edward Teach/Stede Bonnet

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**Summary:**

*Sometimes, Ed just really doesn't know what the fuck Stede's on about.*

*Today, it's him going, "well, I suppose Calico Jack does outclass me in some attributes."*

Stede muses, Ed takes a while to realize he's a bit insecure about the size of Jack's—*ahem*—boat.

## Motion of the Ocean

### Author's Note:

Thank you to Sera, LJ, Luna, and Lau for discussing such dumb things with me on Discord as: Jack has “big dick and horrible at sex because of it” energy.

Sometimes, Ed just really doesn't know what the fuck Stede's on about.

Today, it's him going, “well, I suppose Calico Jack *does* outclass me in *some* attributes.”

Ed, who has Stede's sock-feet in his lap, Stede's floral dressing gown on over *absolutely nothing*, and is laying on Stede's new couch (which he bought because it's Extra Cushy and he knows Ed's bum knee sometimes gets sore when he straddles Stede's lap to kiss him but that's maybe Ed's favorite kissing-position), has no idea what that could possibly be. Stede is the best person he knows, in every attribute. So he says, “like fucking *what*? Being a fuckass? Taking cannonballs to the chest? Finishing a bottle of rum in record time?”

“Oh—no, I meant positive attributes.”

“Mate, his only positive attribute is that he's fun.” Ed can still call Stede 'mate' even though they're very much more than. “Seriously, what's going on? Is this a self esteem thing again?”

“I just meant the size of him.”

“That he's tall?” Ed thinks he's probably taller than Jack. Stede's not even short, even if he takes off those little heels.

“Don't be coy,” Stede says, and then he sighs. “You can't be surprised I saw the man with his trousers down, he didn't even pull them back *up* until he was halfway across the beach.”

Ed's brain finally clicks into place like a bolt in a lock, because what he'd very much like to do with this conversation is put it under lock and key. "Are you talking about his *dick*?"

"He is rather well-endowed," Stede mutters into his tea. (They're a little tipsy because the tea has a sizable quantity of this yummy cordial in it. Ed never knew you could put booze in tea 'til Stede.)

It's exactly because of this tipsiness that ed doesn't manage to mask a disbelieving snort. "That doesn't matter."

"Yes, yes, so they all say." Stede seems quite unsure about that, which is absolutely ridiculous, because Stede has the *best* dick, Stede has a *perfect* dick, Ed oughta go about proving that to him. He considered doing so with his hand or his ass or his thighs—but no, this required a little more finesse.

"No, I mean it. Jack's shit at sex. Thinks that all he has to do is swing that fuckin' monster cock around and everybody's going to go off in ten seconds." He snickers, picturing Jack saying, '*ooh, you like this big dick, baby?*' while he sits there actively losing his hard-on. "It's stupid. Also, fuckin' hurts sometimes."

"Oh!" Stede cries, and his eyes go a little wibbly at the thought of somebody hurting Ed during sex, which Ed only thinks is because of maybe some pent-up bullshit with Stede's wife. But maybe they'd get to that later. One ex-lover at a time, here.

He pats Stede on the knee. "Why're you worried about Jack? He's gone. Old news." How did they even *start* talking about that leathery old rat bastard? "You make me feel ten times better than he ever did."

Stede sighs, sets down his teacup, which means it's serious. He puts a hand over Ed's. Then his other hand. "It's not just him. You must have been with so many people who are so... exciting. Talented. Big and impressive. And then there's me."

"And you're better than all the rest. More exciting." In a voice that's just as soft as the velvet couch cushions, Ed says, "nobody makes me feel as good

as you do."

"I don't just mean happiness though, Ed, I mean— *pleasure*."

"Nobody. Makes me feel as good as you do." Ed moved his hand up Stede's thigh—there's no sense in being provocative right now because that doesn't feel like it's where this is going, but Stede wants to know Ed's deliriously attracted to him, Ed's gonna feel him up. "You said that thing about sex being *actually good* when it's with somebody you love. I've never loved somebody the way I love you."

"Ergo...?"

"You're the best thing I've ever felt. Don't care what size you are."

Stede leans his head against the back of the couch and smiles.

"Also, he literally was not good at it. You can't just stick it in like—ah, doesn't matter. No concern anymore." Ed squeezed Stede's thigh, 'cause he likes to. "You'd never do some shit like that."

"I am quite fond of foreplay, indeed," Stede notes. Really fond. A bit theatrical with it at times. But hey, 'theatrical' is a step away from 'fuckery' and Ed does enjoy playing captain and stowaway sometimes, even though they did once forget halfway through who was supposed to be the captain and just called one another 'captain' over and over.

"But if you want me to tell you how much I like your big dick—"

"No, Edward."

Yeah, Jack Seduction really doesn't work on Stede. It's kind of funny.

"Mm. I'll have to just tell you how good yours makes me feel. How you fit in me like you were made for me."

*This works on Stede. He's bright red.*

But Stede's learned to give as good as he gets these days, and so he says, "maybe I was."

"Only one way to prove it," Ed ventures.

Stede hums, like he's taking a very long time deliberating, and then, quick as a flash, he hops off Ed and shouts, "first into bed wins!"

"That's not fair, you were on top!" Ed hauls himself to his feet, chasing after him with remarkable nimbleness (Stede's learnt a thing or two about massage and it has the bum knee less bummed than usual).

"And I will remain on top!" Stede proclaims, already in bed, looking triumphant, like he's won a grand prize, when all he's really winning is a chance to fuck Ed, which he literally has all the time, anywher, like *anywhere* he wants.

Ed leaves the silk robe puddled on the cabin floor.

### **Author's Note:**

If you wanna read more exceedingly dumb pirate thoughts, occasionally intelligent but also quite ridiculous Iliad thoughts, and stuff about a book I'm writing wherein a lot of people fuck gods for fun, you can find me on twitter [@luddlestons](#) or my nsfw twitter [@luddlessmut](#) or on my tumblr [@luddlestons](#)